

Your Right to Know Is the Key to All Your Liberties

Press-Herald

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Torrance's Great Day

Ceremonies nearly 10 years in the making marked the beginning of construction Friday on the new Los Angeles County Southwest District Court building in Torrance.

The ceremonies gave official notice to the construction of the \$4 million building which will become the focal point of legal activity for all of Southwest Los Angeles County when completed in about two years.

For many people, the occasion was a milestone, a pivotal day in the history of Torrance.

The building, which has been designed to accommodate the several departments needed to handle the case load of the area, also will contain space for allied county functions including district attorney, clerks, and other representatives.

Friday's ceremonies had their real beginning during the first month of 1955 when a concerted drive to obtain a Superior Court in the city was launched. Then Gov. Goodwin J. Knight was petitioned to include a Superior Court bill in his call to the State Legislature the following year, and civic committees were put to work on the project.

The city organized a citizens committee, a committee of the City Council, and a Chamber of Commerce committee to push the fight, and many members of those committees formed nine years ago were on hand Friday to see their dream take form.

Torrance's real break in its drive for the court came when the county court system was divided into districts and Torrance found itself with a large civic center, a growing affluence among cities of the new district, and the desire to go fight for the facility.

Establishment of the Southwest Superior Court building here can only lead to greater things for the city.

As we said, it was a big day—just how big may not be fully realized until the building takes shape, and until the satellite functions such a facility will draw begin to appear.

All of those who worked diligently for the Superior Court can take a bow. They've done Torrance a great service.

Opinions of Others

There is a strong suspicion that LBJ may be fighting his "war on poverty" on the wrong front. President Johnson was photographed sitting on the steps of the David Marlow home near Rocky Mount, N. C., chatting with the Marlows and surrounded by their seven fine-looking, neatly dressed youngsters. The accompanying news story developed the sad tale of the family of nine eking out an existence of \$1500 a year. The story, as clarified by the Charlotte, N. C., Observer, is that \$1500 is the profit Mr. Marlow expects to clear on his tobacco after meeting family expenses. Better, our President should visit some glossy apartment houses and suburbs where nobody has a dime left when the bills are paid.—*International Falls (Minn.) Journal.*

There is a Bureau of Public Debt—a branch of the Treasury Department. It costs \$48,600,000 a year to run the department, and it has 2,645 employees who draw \$15,600,000 of that amount. But as yet, we have never seen mention of a Bureau for Paying the Public Debt! Instead, we hear talk about how the larger our debt becomes the better off we are becoming because there are so many more people who are receiving more dollars per year than ever before. So, as long as we get to handle more money, it doesn't matter what the debt becomes—or how little the dollar may be worth in terms of buying power. It's awful to be so old that we can't follow this line of reasoning.—*Salem (Ind.) Leader.*

Research reports issued by member firms of the New York Stock Exchange must be approved by supervisory analysts under new rules announced by the Exchange's board of governors. If that seems something of a technicality of small general interest, think again. It is part of the established financial community's continuous effort to give every protection to the investor. And that, in a time when well over 17 million people are shareholders in American corporations, is a very large matter indeed.

The Exchange is particularly interested in the accuracy of communications. In the words of its president, "Truthfulness and good taste are the traditional standards of the Exchange Community in any form of communication with the public." Within this broad outline, communications for the public are, for example, expected to avoid language which is promissory, exaggerated, flamboyant, or contains unwarranted superlatives. Other stipulations have to do with opinions which are not clearly labeled as such, and forecasts of future events which are not stated as estimates or opinions.

The Exchange works to build a solid groundwork of policies and voluntary regulations designed to provide the investor, large or small, with the most accurate information available. Then it is up to the investor to use his best judgment—which means a judgment based on careful analysis, not on "tips" or "hunches."—*Industrial News Review.*

Happy 90th Birthday



HERE AND THERE by Royce Brier

Our Small Foreign Wars Disrupted by Elections

An occasional disadvantage of holding an election in our country is that it fouls up small foreign crises or brawls, and gives them a partisan coloration they would not normally have.

This partisanship tends to distort the shape of the trouble, and induces a great deal of nonsense solving nothing. A good example was the Korean War, which General Eisenhower promised to end. He did so, and nobody has been satisfied since.

Now we have this Vietnam mess, which offers Administration opponents an opportunity to devise solutions, though no satisfactory solution is in sight.

In any case, some Republican forces—not only Senator Goldwater—are calling for total victory in Vietnam and this will doubtless become a sharp issue in the ensuing campaign.

The Johnson Administration, cannot pledge a total victory in Vietnam. It can only pledge, as it has, a containment of Communist ag-

gression, which is all we got in Korea. Ex-Ambassador Lodge only a short time ago said that some suggested forms of stepped-up American activity would constitute "colonialism," a stigma, none of the great powers can afford.

In 188 years, there have been but four occasions when total victory was necessary to the American destiny. The first was the Revolution, necessary to our founding; the second was the Civil War, necessary to our union; the third was the Old War against German imperialism; the fourth was the late war against Hitlerism and Japanese imperialism.

The War of 1812 ended in compromise; the Mexican War was not vital to our westward growth; the Spanish war was total victory only because it was easy, when we wanted only an end to Spanish tyranny in Cuba; Korea was, and is, a stalemate.

Despite extensive wordage

over the years—Dulles, Eisenhower, Kennedy, Rusk, McNamara, Johnson—there is no good evidence the southeast Asian conflict has the critical potential of our "total" or survival, wars.

It's a damned nuisance, and total defeat of the Vietnamese government forces would be extremely inconvenient for us. We would have to revise our strategy for defending what few truly freedom-hungry peoples remain in southeast Asia. Have you thought how few and factional? Only segments of old Indochina, then Thailand and Malaysia. Singapore as a trade center is important to the West, and Hong Kong while it lasts. Everything else is in the soup.

There is no sign the Americans propose to pay the manifestly exorbitant price of "total victory" in southeast Asia. Those who would persuade the people the goal can be cheaply won are talking through their hats, but perhaps that is par for an election year.

BOOKS by William Hogan

Busy Family Diarists Spin Whale of a Tale

The old diaries continue to emerge. Hardly a year goes by that we do not hear of another published journal from the California Gold Rush, or a fresh first-hand document from the 19th Century maritime trails. They were a journal-keeping breed, those wanderers. At this point in history, such documents can be merely historical charms designed for a collector's bracelet. Yet once in a while up pops a genuine surprise.

"One Whaling Family," edited by Harold Williams, is one of these. More than a bauble for collectors, it is an extraordinary collection of maritime documents, much of it carrying the overtones of Herman Melville. The book consists of

two manuscript journals left by members of the Williams family of New Bedford, roughly 1858-1874, plus other papers relating to whaling operations generally, both out of New England and San Francisco Bay.

First entry is a lengthy journal kept by Eliza Azelia Williams, wife of Captain Thomas H. Williams, who accompanied her husband on a three-year, world-wide hunt for whales during which she gave birth to two children. Eliza, both fearless and delightfully naive, comments on exotic ports of call (in the Siberian Sea of Okhotsk, for example); on the hunting and stripping down of whales; on details of her domestic routine under just about every climate and sailing condition one can imagine.

Born in the Tasman Sea, Eliza's son became a whaler at the age of 15. His journal, as a junior officer aboard his father's vessel, marks the second part of this record and, of course, is the far more vivid and informed set of observations on a tough, lonely profession.

A third section of the book includes sundry papers on whaling. This projects a rare contemporary maritime

atmosphere and presents an eye-witness account of the "wreck season" of 1871 in which 32 whaling vessels were crushed and abandoned in an Arctic ice pack.

Eliza's grandson, editor of this historical adventure, might have trimmed some of the Grandma Moses prose uttered from the quarter-deck. As a literary stylist, the elder Mrs. Williams was hardly a Melville. Yet everything she noted down (and it was just about everything) remains her very own. Once into these diary entries, a reader may find it as difficult to avoid them as to flee "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner."

(Beginning of a November day in the Yellow Sea: "There was a killer whale playing about in the water and keeping along with the Ship . . . The Carpenter has been making a beautiful little chair for the baby . . .") As the whaling profession itself did later in the century, the Williams family moved West; like their ship, they were based in Oakland. So Harold Williams' family story contributes new footnotes to Pacific Coast maritime history, as well as to New England's, in this fresh and most readable book.

One Whaling Family. Edited by Harold Williams. Houghton Mifflin; 401 pp.; illus.; \$6.95.

TRAVEL by Stan Delaplane

Shop Around for Rooms On Puerto Rico Visits

"We are planning a trip to Puerto Rico in December and would like moderate accommodations for a family of five. . ."

There's a small monthly booklet by the Chamber of Commerce that you find (free) on all hotel desks. Among ads for night clubs, tourist shops, etc., you'll find ads for smaller hotels and rooms with kitchens. But I wouldn't order one at long distance. Move into a big hotel for a couple of days. Take a taxi and shop around.

"What is the best way to sightsee the island?"

Rent a car and drive around. Takes about four leisurely days. If you want more, you can criss-cross on some fine scenic mountain roads. There are good hotels everywhere. It's a beautiful, tropic island and not too expensive.

Lot of English spoken. But more Spanish. Roads are well-marked. But speed limits are in miles and distances in kilometers. The island is bursting with people. You are seldom outside of sight of houses. Swimming is wonderful—the sea is warm and painter's blue. Old San Juan is a great historic fortress. No outstanding shopping. But some very fine restaurants. Prices medium to expensive.

"We are planning a first trip to Europe and wonder where to start a file of information . . ."

Start with all the airlines that run to the countries you will go to. Send them your route. Ask for any information. Airlines give you a great deal of action on this kind of query. I would ask them all because—though they overlap—they all have specialties.

Second, write the national tourist offices. (All have New York offices. And some have branch offices in larger American cities.) These won't be too good—national tourist offices are usually run by the Government and staffed by political appointees. I rarely go to these people. But try them, it only costs a stamp.

Third, go to a travel agent and plot some comparative prices. Especially a airline prices. All airlines have similar fares, fixed by their own international price-fixing organization. But there are all kinds of complicated reductions: Flying on weekends; special excursion fares; family rates. Travel agents should know the best one for you.

"Do you advise credit cards—Diner's and American Express—for a trip to Europe?"

They're a convenience. I use them a lot for that and for tax records. With American Express you can cash your personal check into traveler's checks up to \$300. (You can run into a lot of frustrating red tape, too. But generally it works.)

You'll also find shops taking credit cards are the most expensive in the town. And obviously, they've had to mark up the 7 to 10 per cent the credit card people charge them.

"We are two young school teachers contemplating (a) a three weeks vacation in Hawaii or (b) same in Mexico

or (c) Canada. We each have \$1,000. Which?"

Can't you put it off until winter vacation? Take one of those 17-day excursion trips to the ski resorts. For \$1,000 you live like a queen. And that's where the boys are.

"I will not have much money during two days each in Paris and Rome and want inexpensive restaurants. Is there a list of such places?"

It is the custom in France and Italy to post the menu (with prices) outside the restaurant. And it is the custom of the local people to look them over carefully before they go in. So don't be embarrassed. Find small res-

taurants. Look and see if you like the choice and the price.

"We are a young and adventurous couple. We have enough money to get to Europe. But once there, we MUST keep daily costs down . . ."

Here's an idea for you. Nearly all countries now have a "meet-and-live-with-the-people" program. In other words, you eat and sleep in a family home. Get this program from the national tourist office. (And check it again when you arrive. New York and home offices don't always agree.) Supposed to be a way to live for very little. Say \$3 a day for a couple.

Our Man Hoppe

He Finds Tea With Intrigue

By Arthur Hoppe

EN ROUTE TO CUBA — A delicious shiver will undoubtedly course your spine to learn I'm writing this aboard a Communist airplane. Mine too. To say the least. Frankly, I don't see how Mr. James Bond stands it.

Of course, even getting aboard a Communist airplane involves enough mystery and intrigue to frazzle the steely nerves of the coolest and calmest of men. Meaning me.

Take the scene at the Mexico City Airport. There I was, standing nervously in line to check in for Cuba Air Lines Flight 465 for Havana, trying my level best to look like an ordinary, innocent ace newsman. When, believe it or not, up slides this beautiful redhead.

"Would you," she said, her eyes pleading, a quaver in her voice, "put these with your baggage?" And with that she handed me three cardboard cartons, each the size of a cake box. What was in them? Hand grenades for the Cuban rebels in the hills? The plans to Morro Castle? Inflammatory copies of the Republican Platform?

I refrained from asking. If I did not know, torture could never pry the secret from my lips. And I stand ever ready to serve the cause of free men. Especially if they are beautiful redheads.

But I'll admit that having three mysterious boxes in my luggage tended to heighten my perceptions. And as I sat in the waiting room, looking innocent and biting my nails, I easily pierced the clever disguises of my fellow passengers — a nun (obviously an NKVD executioner), a bearded young man (CIA, naturally), three inscrutable Orientals (undoubtedly Red Chinese agents), and a janitor swabbing the floor (SMERSH, of course).

A tense hour passed. Were they even now probing those boxes? The nun and the bearded young man, clearly perceiving I had seen through their disguises, adopted an ingenious ruse and took a plane for Miami. One of the Orientals introduced himself as an editor of the Tokyo Times. Which just shows how clever those Red Chinese are.

At last our flight was called. Leaving the SMERSH agent wringing his hands and his mop, we boarded. And say that my steely nerves had broken, if you will, but the entire Communist airplane was cleverly disguised as a four-engine Capitalistic luxury airliner!

Moreover, no sooner were we in the air, than a beautiful brunet, cleverly disguised as a stewardess, served me various items cleverly disguised as a daiquiri, a filet mignon, a creampuff and a glass of Cognac.

Even more confusing, the beautiful redhead turned up in the seat across the aisle. "Thanks very much for taking those boxes," she whispered gratefully. "I'm with the Mexican ballet and they contain our eye makeup. Without your help, I would've been three kilos overweight on my luggage."

Oh, no! How will I ever explain three kilos of eye makeup to the grim-visaged Communist customs officer awaiting me in Havana? I can only hope she is lying.

Well, it shows you the problems we intrigue-minded ace newsman face, what with everything cleverly disguised as normal. But trust us. We'll see through it. Every time.

Morning Report:

Sad as it may be, there's no denying that Europe isn't the quaint place it used to be. Cokes are for sale all over. Traffic jams are growing. And the other day some thugs, firing machine guns, robbed a jewelry store in Monte Carlo.

This is very annoying to Europeans who naturally feel such rough tactics are strictly an American invasion.

It also, shows, however, that if our ways are being exported along with our products, there is still a mighty cultural lag. As every American criminal knows, machine guns are passe. I don't think one's been used in a robbery in this country for years. Our thieves use finely made European revolvers.

Abe Mellinkoff

